

# CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST... BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

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## CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

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Original.

### NATIONAL BLESSINGS AND THANKFULNESS.

#### A DISCOURSE,

*Delivered in the Universalist Church, in Norwich, Conn.,  
on Thanksgiving morning, Nov. 30, 1848.*

BY REV. E. WINCHESTER REYNOLDS.

DEUT. xiv. 2. "And the Lord hath chosen them to be a peculiar people unto himself, above all the nations that are upon the earth."

THE original application of these words to the Jewish nation, is a fact well understood by you all. The peculiar care which God seems to have exercised over that nation, the progressive laws that were given to it; and, consequently, its great moral and religious advancement in which it outstripped the gross principles of the surrounding tribes and nations, and, notwithstanding its own apostacy and transgression, became the favored people to whom angelic anthems announced the birth of the Messiah—these are topics to which only an allusion need now be made.

In the advancement of Divine truth among earth's people, God seems to have adopted the plan of placing one nation on a higher platform of intelligence than that occupied by the many, of bestowing upon that nation privileges somewhat peculiar to itself, and thus making it "a prophet and a leader" of the surrounding multitudes. The appearance of partiality which seems, at the first view, to attach to this plan, disappears when we reflect how necessary this course is to the progress of the human race, according to God's original design. For the great body of mankind, a slow and gradual progress is ordained; and to effect this, teachers go before in the forms of individuals and nations—as torches blaze on the steep mountain side, to guide the feet of the traveller, as he toils on in the gloom of midnight; as stars burn through the cloudy firmament, to tell the astronomer where radiant spheres revolve in the awful abyss of space.

Thus, in ancient times, while Palestine shone on the world's bosom like a cloud-begirted luminary, as the great Teacher of morals and religion, Egypt strode on as the Apostle of science, and reared monuments on the banks of the Nile, that even now overlook the caravans of the desert, and the crumbling monuments of departed genius. Greece cradled the spirits of Poetry and eloquence; and when the lyre of Homer had thrilled the stagnant blood of every nation, and created music even in the camp and the conflict, Demosthenes poured forth the terrible prelude to his country's ruin,

and made his fiery notes quiver through all the arteries of humanity!

In fine, almost every nation of antiquity ministered in turn in some department of knowledge, and became a leader in some great principle, science, or art.

At the present time, and for the last century, our own nation is, and has been, the leader and prophet of the world. And I wish, on this day, set apart by the Governor of our Commonwealth as an occasion of Thanksgiving and prayer, to review in some measure the sum of our national blessings, the sources of our national greatness, and the reasons for general prayer and thanksgiving to the Universal Father.

From the period of the decline of the old republics, the spirit of freedom lived on in Europe, a crushed and despoiled thing. None appreciated it save those who lacked the power of re-instating it in its former glory. Its friends were few and weak; its enemies many and strong. Yet it perished not, but lingered on from age to age, warmed and invigorated by the breath of the Almighty. Here and there it made efforts to regain its throne in the heart of man. The plains of Italy and the mountains of Switzerland, the land of Wallace and of Cromwell, were awful witnesses of freedom's struggles, and alas! the sepulchres of her venturesome and unfortunate spirits! The effort seemed hopeless. All her experiences were darkened with defeat and death. In the past were the unwelcome memories of her decline and ruin, beneath the proud banners of Rome and Greece. From the acknowledged mistress of nations, presiding over the learning, the genius and the arms of the world, she had become an outcast from human affections, dwelling in wild unapproachable caverns, or a prey to the crashing fury of the elements.

As the light of the reformation broke on the world, and the moral fetters of men were burst from their rising souls, freedom gained new advocates and new power. And yet there was no place in Europe where she could rear a permanent throne, and extend her renovating dominion. The whole atmosphere was poisoned by the breath of tyranny; wrongs as old as the world, were woven into all society; and the moral sense and the intellectual acuteness of community were blunted by the continued existence of evil. It is so to a great extent still in Europe, and every effort at regeneration seems a failure.

In such a state of things, what could the spirit of freedom accomplish? Human foresight would have prophesied its speedy despair and destruction; but God when he has once given birth to principles, never suffers them to perish. And he had now a chosen spot in view, on the broad bosom of his creation, where freedom might find a throne, righteousness an altar, and peace a home.

While kings, and titled nobility were congratulating themselves on the prospect of the speedy destruction of human liberty, God was paving the way for its divinest triumph. A bold navigator drove his barge over the trackless Western sea, when lo! a New World, in its fresh grandeur and beauty burst on his grateful sight. Years passed—the Atlantic was specked with many a



daring vessel, and adventurous crew—colonies were founded, and cities arose where the solemn and dewy wilderness had stood. The spirit of freedom, driven from Europe, took the cross and the helm, and ploughed the stormy sea; chaunted its trusting prayers as the winds shrieked, as the billows rolled, and as the night descended with its curtain on the deep. And by Plymouth Rock—sacred to all ages by its divine associations—while the tempest-torn banner of exile fluttered in the wintry blast, the foundations of our Republic were laid. In a clear atmosphere, uncontaminated by ancient evils, unappalled by the presence of established wrongs, the principles of our government took root in the virgin soil, as deep as the foundations of our mountains, and as pure as the waters that moisten our valleys and plains!

The subsequent prosperity of our country, the multiplication of its free and enlightened institutions, the growth of its power, the spread of its influence and fame, amply justify the application of the text to it. "And the Lord hath chosen them to be a peculiar people unto himself, above all the nations that are upon the earth." When we contrast our own privileges and blessings, with those of other nations, we see ample cause of gratitude to the great Giver. And if anything can warm the heart of man toward his Maker, it is surely an intelligent sense of what that Maker has done for him and his nation; of the numerous and elevated privileges that surround him, and of the fountains of peace that gush up in his nature.

Look at the nations of the Old World. Where are the rights and the privileges that should belong to the masses? By a numerous body they are not even known. And those who do understand them, endure the mortification of seeing them placed beyond their reach. Observe how the most evident right of man—that of remuneration for his own toil—is wrested from him by the proud, bloated *lord of the soil*! Observe how education is neglected; multitudes growing up in the grossest ignorance and vice, who might, with good opportunities such as we possess, become statesmen and moral heroes. There are thousands in England and Ireland, who, through neglect and want, swing from some accursed gibbet, or rot in some horrid prison, who might, if in the possession of their rights, adorn the senate and the pulpit, and become blessings to mankind. Observe, too, the *moral servitude* of the millions, compelled to sustain a priesthood that they at once despise and abhor; paying enormous revenues to the clergy, and yet ignorant of the first principles of Christianity.

How different is it here! Though we know that our government, even, is far from perfection, and far from purity, because of the abuse of its principles, yet we see here an observance of human rights and duties which contrasted with the state of things we have been considering, seems to constitute almost the beauty of felicity. Here labor is rewarded so that plenty smiles on the home of the laborer; provision is made for the education of the poorest child, so that even poverty is relieved by intelligence; and the light of the Gospel shines glad and free upon almost every hearth and heart. We need not pay for the support of that which we do not esteem; we need not bow before a power which we abhor; we are not the victims of compulsion; we do not feed luxury and still feel its lash. Are not these facts which should be contemplated on a day like this? And is not here a cause for thanksgiving?

Look at a neighboring Republic, with whom we have clashed steel in conflict—look at Mexico. See her torn with civil commotions, divisions, wars; the helpless, writhing victim of political and martial ambition; of Roman Catholic tyranny, ignorance and superstition;

her citizens liable to be shot like dogs, at any moment by a suspicious government, or to be robbed by the banditti that infest the miserable land! What a terrible contrast to the peace that pervades our own borders! Here the last yell of the savage has died away forever; no mobs or licensed robbers start us from our midnight slumbers in terror and apprehension. All repose peacefully in the light and bliss of home, and in the society of friends and kindred. On this consecrated day, in the light that fills each eye and countenance, in the smile with which friend greets friend, I read a pervading peace and harmony, testifying of the gracious care of our Divine Parent.

I remark further that "the year which is now drawing to a close," in the language of our Governor's Proclamation, "has been crowned by many mercies, affording renewed testimonials of the forbearance and kindness of our Heavenly Father, and demanding of us, as a community and nation, corresponding emotions of gratitude and praise." Well is it recommended that "we tender the reverential homage of our hearts to God for the countless mercies vouchsafed to us as a State and Nation; for the abundance of our harvests, and the supply for the wants of man and beast; for the return of peace with Foreign Nations, and the enjoyment of tranquility in all our borders; for the increasing attachment of our people to our invaluable institutions, and the hopes we are permitted to indulge of their perpetuity." And well is it recommended that "*all* the people praise God for the Gospel of reconciliation, by which he is bringing this offending world to himself," &c. On this point I would dwell for a moment. Who among us appreciates as he ought the importance of the Christian institution? Who feels and realizes how intimately it is connected with the peace and union of community? Suppose all the churches in this city were closed for one year; that when the Sabbath came with its inviting smile, no chime of bells should be heard sweeping through our streets and valleys, calling the people to the sanctuary of God. What would be the result? Evidently there would be a terrible moral gloom over this now happy community. There would be many ties broken, many obligations trampled down, much peace ruined in consequence. Imperfectly as the pulpit has as yet done its work, it has held back many of the roughest surges of transgression, and cheered many a desponding and weary heart. And this invaluable blessing has continued throughout our country, for another year. Thus may it be emphatically said of our country, "The Lord hath chosen them to be a peculiar people unto himself, above all the nations that are upon the earth."

Such being our exalted blessings, there is another important fact to be borne in mind. When God manifests important and peculiar favors towards any nation, it is that that nation may improve, may advance by those favors; and bless by the influence of its enlightenment and morals, not only its own people, but surrounding nations. God gives capabilities to nations as well as to individuals, that through them they may bless and elevate the common Brotherhood. \* \* \* The individual who abuses his powers and blessings, suffers the chastisement of infinite justice—but not more certainly than does a nation. Oh, it is a fearful thing to be a "peculiar people," if the moral achievements of that people be not, in some measure, commensurate with its light and blessings!

Now let us ask ourselves the question, whether we, as a nation, are as thankful to the great Giver for his many mercies, as we ought to be? Do we act in a national point of view, as becomes the recipients of such exalted favors? This is a solemn question, and one that cannot be evaded. It must be answered. Before the



tribunal of conscience, in the secret soul of every American citizen must this question be answered. Our great national councils, our mighty intellects that go up yearly to the capital, the President from his seat of honor and trust—all must answer it, in the fear of the Almighty Judge.

Some may answer that we are, as a nation, thankful to God for his favors. But, on this day of solemn reckoning between ourselves and our Maker, let us inquire what it is to be thankful to him? Is it to express our obligations and our praise in hollow words? No, God will never judge us by the words we utter, nor by the setting apart of our annual thanksgiving days. He has a truer standard of right than this. He looks in upon our secret thoughts and principles—he surveys the acts that proceed from our legislative bodies, and by these alone will he judge us. We cannot avoid that judgment; we must pass its penetrating ordeal, whether we survive or perish—whether we appear again strong and glorious, or whether we go down in dust, with all our gaudy plumes and banners.

How shall we fare in this trial when it comes? Let the question be pondered deeply in every soul. How will our black gibbets weigh in this trial? those murderous engines that darken the fame of any nation—on which men bearing God's image, are strung up in the face of day like vile dogs? How will the blood-cemented wealth of our aristocracy weigh in this matter? wealth that glitters alike in the theatre and the fashionable church, and glitters at the expense of justice, truth, virtue, purity! How will our millions of slaves, lashed, degraded, violated—appear in the clear glance of infinite righteousness, hand in hand with a sickly, martial pride, that fires at the roll of a drum and exults over the butchery of the battle field?

How, we repeat, will all this weigh when the day of reckoning comes? We must not deceive ourselves with the thought that this day will never come, for come it will and must. Nor must we repose for security on our martial strength and resources. If the awful lessons of the past are worth anything to us, they will tell us that all our forts and arsenals and trained troops, and battle-ships, are no more before the march of God's justice, than a child's play-house before the sweeping ocean torrent. The Jewish nation composed itself on the hollow thought that its majesty should always exist, because God was the friend of Abraham its father; and it awoke only from its insane delusion, when it saw its temple fall, and its glory perish. So thought old Rome, amid her bloated greatness, as she swallowed the kingdoms of the earth, and sighed for more. But when the northern barbarian knocked at her gates, she saw that her strength was gone!

I pray God that all these witnesses of the past may teach our nation wisdom; that she may guide her giant energies in the right channel, and come up from the trial justified. Almost a century ago, Jefferson said, "I tremble for my country when I think that God is just." But a just nation will never have cause to tremble because her destinies are ruled by a righteous Governor. And that just nation may our country yet become, and show herself worthy of the kind guardianship of Heaven. Oh, what a regenerating power she may exert over the world if she will! Let her bow to the cross of Christ, and moisten her great soul with the dews of Calvary.

And let us not forget, in closing, that the destiny of our country is to some extent, in the hands of each one of us. Our individual acts may determine her fate, for weal or for woe. Let us not forget that our noblest thanksgiving to God is offered in the halo of upright principles and in the glory of a pure life; and that so long as principle is exalted and obeyed by the great body of

our people, the destiny of our nation will be glad and blessed. And if but one star of moral glory glitters above the ruin of kingdoms and thrones, the angels of God shall smile amid its radiance and, say—"Here is the star of Washington pillowed on the Cross of Christ!" AMEN.

Original.

## THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BY REV. H. B. SOULE.

Another year is now drawing rapidly towards its close. All "the golden opportunities" it has offered us will soon pass forever beyond our reach. And within the circle of our knowledge and experience, what a year has it been! What changes, what extremes! How has it been thronged with the busy tread of anxious cares! Burning thoughts of guilt and sin have made many a sleepless pillow. Regret, remorse have wrung with torture many a soul. Traffic, with its huge iron lungs has gone on with its giant labor, elevating some, and depressing others. Here, Avarice has continued sitting in his old rickety chair, with knitted brow and lean fingers, counting his rusty dollars. There, Poverty has dwelt with her drooping head, her fainting heart, and her trembling limbs. Old age has fallen asleep and been gently laid away in that great couch, where all go to rest at last. The next day budding infancy has been laid softly down by its hoary side. And up in that still chamber, where even the sun was forbid to enter, the tearful group have bent in breathless expectancy over the fair form of youth, with prayer and love, but in vain; that chamber is vacant now, and when you enter it, your very footsteps seem to echo in your heart, deep and hollow as the voice of the requiem bell. All this while folly has gone up and down the street, swinging her idle hands and gazing with her idler eyes, vainly wishing she could find something new under the sun. Yonder, Pride in her flowing robes, and her mean sneer at God's humble children, has come and gone with a haughty step. Down in a dark underground room, damp and full of deadly vapors, Envy and green-eyed Jealousy have been hard at work, distilling poison. By the fireside and in the drawing room, Slander, with his smooth lips and oily tongue, has slyly dropped his dark, death-winged suspicions. And everywhere, Sin, and Hate, and Strife, and Malice have stalked abroad, filling the community with social, and moral pestilence and death.

On the other hand, Labor has gone forth and wrought right earnestly with his hands and his head; in the field, on the wharf, in the shop, the street, the profession; producing and multiplying the resources and comforts of life. The cup we have drunk has, after all, had more pleasure than bitterness in it. In these ten thousand human homes, there has been the warm, bright sunshine of Love, blessing the heart with his holy radiance and vivifying heat. Charity, with her voice of pity and her treasures, has been out on her angel mission; made many a heart beat lighter, many a drooping spirit walk erect again, many an eye glisten with tears of grateful emotion; and given to many an orphan a home, and a mother's hand to lead and a mother's heart to bless it. The law of kindness has won its way to many an erring brother's heart, and melted him to repentance, and clothed him with his proper manhood once more. Invention, Improvement, Progress, have reared their million monuments all about us. Truth and Religion have been doing their glorious work, sweetening life and beautifying the soul. While some have gone home to the skies, others have come in to fill their places here below.



Altogether, what a mixed, ever-changing, crowded, thrilling scene has been this year, which is now drawing to its close! What a blending of virtue and vice—of holiness and sin—of labor and idleness—of fortunes made and blasted—of pleasure and pain—of friendships made and broken—of faiths kindled and extinguished—of hopes born and perished—of time and eternity! And has this scene, this experience, taught us the lesson we ought to receive from them; so that we shall enter upon the approaching year with wiser purposes and holier hearts, and lead through it a diviner life? If discipline be worth anything to us, such a discipline should make us greatly wiser and better men. Let us not have suffered and rejoiced in vain.

Original.

### THE REFORMER.

BY E. WINCHESTER REYNOLDS.

He was a man whose frame no eyes beheld!—  
Whose soul engrossed all vision and all thought!—  
A mine of greatness that forever swelled  
Amid the world, and strove, and preached, and wrought.  
Beneath its broad and ever-spreading flame  
The form was hid, with all its passion-powers;  
He carved upon the changing earth, a name,  
That those may read who dwell in Zion's bowers—  
A name whose brightness shall more vivid be  
While worlds shall own the sway of Deity.  
He was Progression's image in the earth,  
God-sent, to bear the lamp of Truth before,  
(Which Jesus drew from Heaven's glowing hearth,)  
And light the dim old ruins on the mortal shore—  
Standing serene and strong amid its battle roar.

Norwich, Conn.

## Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER.—NO. XXV.

MARTIGNY, SWITZERLAND, }  
August 22, 1848.

Brs:—Geneva is beautifully situated on both sides of the Rhone, where it leaves lake Lemman, in the bosom of which it has rested on its turbulent course from the distant mountains down which it has rushed and foamed as if glad to escape from its frozen home to a sunnier clime, like some poor son of oppression who forsakes the scenes of his childhood to find a resting place in our happy land. Like some wanderer in sin and folly, who falls into the society of good christian people, it is purified by its stay in these sweet and peaceful waters. But it here rushes out of the lake as if tired of rest—glad to break away from slothful restraint, and anxious to make new adventures with fresh green hopes and pure designs. The town is divided into two nearly equal parts, and may be said to lay on both lake and river, upon the sides of hills ascending in both directions. Two fine stone bridges connect the town and add much to its beauty. Beneath their arches the clear, green waters rush smoothly on their way, and innumerable women are seen washing in open, floating buildings, erected for that purpose.

There are no public buildings worthy of notice. The churches are plain and substantial, but free of ornament, partaking somewhat of the character of the great Re-

former who moulded the institutions and fashions of this place into a likeness to his own stern notions. I sought the city over for some monument of Calvin; I inquired for one, but none could be found. But the memory of him is stamped in remembrances more perfect than statuary and more lasting than marble. It lives in the forms and names of doctrine still extant. His free and daring spirit it still pervades the institutions of many countries, where the power of his doctrines has been felt, advocated, by the elect of God, who have spoken in his name, and called on men to act as those foreordained to some great and valuable purpose. It is no dishonor to him that no bronze image stands mutely enshrined in some nook or corner of the narrow, busy streets. Marble pillars could raise his fame no higher, or make it less imperishable.

It is singular that his peculiar doctrines no longer prevail there; that a great majority of the people have become liberal, rejecting the Trinity, total depravity, endless misery, &c., and embracing, substantially, the opinions of Servetus, whom Calvin caused to be burned on account of his heresies. But it has ever been thus, the persecuted generally triumph in the end. It is a saving clause in human nature that true sympathy is on the side of the injured party, and a spirit of revenge stirred up against the persecutor.

The prospect from the ramparts of the city is extensive and charming, extending over a wide region of richly diversified country, and terminated by the snowy Alps, crowned with Mt. Blanc on one side, and the Jura range on the other, with the beautiful lake and winding Rhone between them. There are numerous pleasant villas shaded by stately trees, and surrounded by luxuriant fields which greatly enrich the landscape. It is, indeed, a most delightful portion of earth.

The city itself looks old and dull. The streets are narrow and without sidewalks. The houses are high and dingy with age, and everything wears the appearance of decay. There is nothing of freshness and stirring life. The principal business is watchmaking which is very extensively carried on by several opulent houses. The real Geneva watches are generally of excellent quality. What generally pass under the name of Swiss watches are made at Neufchatel, and are not so good. Among the best houses here, Mouline Aine, is worthy of notice. He is a frank and honest man, worthy of confidence, in all things appertaining to his line of business.

Three days in Geneva satisfied us, and we started for Chamouni at 4 P. M., in a coach, having taken a young gentleman from Boston into our company, who is to continue with us into Italy. Soon after leaving the suburbs of Geneva we passed the Douane, or custom house, where our passports were examined, and our luggage inquired after, but not opened, and we were permitted to pass out of Switzerland and enter Savoy, a province of Piedmont, and subject to the king of Sardinia.

The ride was very pleasant, with the snowy mountains before us, becoming more distinct and sublime as we approached them, and the fine valley behind us, with fields of corn, and hemp, and grass, on either side, with old dilapidated buildings scattered here and there. The sunset as we approached the valley of Sallenche was magnificent. The day previous had been rainy; but now the sky was a deep blue, with a few floating clouds, some of which rested against the sides of the distant mountains. The air was balmy, and the fields fresh in renewed beauty. Everything was solemnly grand, and sublimely beautiful. Vain is the attempt to describe it! No wonder philosophers and poets come here to gaze upon the grandeur of this magnificent scene, and linger as if by enchantment. It is a fit birth place of the profoundest thoughts and loftiest conceptions. Voltaire gazed in admiration on these scenes; Rousseau's feelings



took fire at the sight; and Byron rose above his melancholy and sin into the region of pure and holy thought. And thousands of lesser note in the annals of worldly fame, have felt still higher and holier emotions as their thoughts have climbed to the highest summits, wrapped in robes of the purest white, and enshrouded in the golden drapery of the setting sun.

We slept at St Martin's, and proceeded next morning through hamlets of various names, crowded into the sides of the hills, in a *char-a-banc*—but walking most of the way, to the celebrated valley of Chamouni. After dinner we climbed to the top of Flegere on the north side of the narrow valley, and had a most splendid panoramic view. Behind us on the north was the range of the Aiguilles Rouges, with their rugged and pointed summits, reaching up into the regions of perpetual snow. Before us, on the south, rose up in solemn grandeur, the great sovereign of *civilized* mountains, his hoary head wreathed about with a gray turban of folded clouds, his right arm extending towards our left, with his elbow resting on the *Mer de Glace*, and his fingers pointing high up towards heaven, in the *needles* which rise pyramidically in naked rocks, tapering to points above the region of clouds. Underneath lay the beautiful green vale of Chamouni. It may be a dozen miles long and half a mile wide, with the Arve winding through it and glaciers jutting down among green fields and pine forests nearly to the very bottom, while the side of the mountain, far up, for several thousand feet, was covered with green grass, affording pasturage for herds of cattle and goats, and among the rocks and snows for the chamois and ibex. A grander scene was never presented to human vision. The fine chalets and good husbandry of Grindelwald are only needed to complete the landscape and render it unsurpassable.

We descended before dark, passing the site of a dwelling which had, the year before, been buried beneath an avalanche from the Col de Balme, the destruction of which has been so far forgotten that another is going up in its place. I ought to mention, by way of amusement, that my friend W., the orthodox minister—my competitor in these mountain clamberings, had attempted to cut off my track, by leaping a canal which passed through the meadow to a mill below. He placed his Alpine cane in the centre of the stream and sprang for the opposite shore. When poised midway over, his stick broke, and down he came, splash into water deep enough to float an Ohio Steamboat. A shout of laughter broke from all the company, and cheered him on his safe deliverance from his undesigned experiment of the virtues of the cold water cure in *chronic* complaints—striving to win the race in every attempt.

A rapid walk of a mile or more, always ordered in such cases, to get up a reaction, kept him from suffering injury from his cold ablution; and he experienced no *dampening* of his ardor, after the purchase of a new stick and the rest of the Sabbath was over.

Sunday we attended early mass in the church, at which a few were present. Later, many peasants in rustic dresses assembled about the village, some went into the church, others stood by the wayside to sell fruits, mostly plums, the product of their own lands, and sold at a cheap rate.

Monday, we started at an early hour and ascended to Montanvert, passed over the *Mer de Glace*, or sea of ice from two to three miles wide, and fifteen to twenty long. We traveled on the ice a dozen miles, and ascended to the Jardin, a patch of a few acres, lying like an island completely surrounded by ice, and snow lately fallen, and hemmed about by sharp, ragged rocks, which stand in the midst of eternal snows, in the form of a circle with a narrow opening by which we had ascended, looking towards Mt. Blanc. This garden is an object of great cu-

riosity. Every thing about it is covered with snow and ice, but the dark sides of rock which rise perpendicularly, on which snow cannot lie. It is, itself, over 8000 feet high. We approached through fresh snow ankle deep, lying on ice, probably, 2 or 3 hundred feet deep. No green or living thing was anywhere else to be seen. But here was grass and flowers, and a flock of birds as large as partridges. The warm sun was sweetly shining, and we spread out our drenched stockings to dry, and sat down by a little rill of cold ice-water, which ran through it, and sat down to a lunch, with another party which came up soon after us. Tired nature resuscitated, we started on our return. But the grandeur of this wild scenery was overwhelming! From this high elevation we could look over the sea of ice, up which we had come, to the top of Mount Blanc, and see the light snow drift along in the wind, as in February day in Vermont. Every thing around was white snow, ice, or naked rocks, save the little green islet we had left behind us. It is impossible to *begin* to describe the wildness of this scene; and no one would believe the description if truly given, except they who have seen it.

We descended by the cragged rocks from the upper glacier to the sea of ice, the dimensions of which I have *guessed* before. This is not a *smooth* expanse, as the name would indicate, but is broken up by deep fissures, down which the rivulets are precipitated, which run upon the surface, from the melting snow and ice—some of them large brooks. To travel over it is sometimes very dangerous—always, to go without a guide, as some of our party can testify. In some parts there are high ridges covered with broken fragments of rocks, swept down by avalanches from the sides of the mountains surrounding it, some of them of immense size, weighing more than 50 tons, and so down to mere gravel. Among these we found a fine specimen of rock crystal, which we have taken with us as a trophy of our excursion, though offered three francs for it on our descent. The natives search here and find many of the precious stones, the Amethyst, Cornelian, Onyx, &c. They are found more abundantly at the foot of the glaciers. Who has accounted for these glaciers? We may give some idea of them on our return.

At dark we were at our hotel, glad to find a dinner and a good bed. The next morning we left for this place, but not without regrets at our inability to ascend Mt. Blanc. We had a long labor with "le Chef des Guides," to induce him to undertake to guide us to the summit for a sum in our power to give. His price was, all found, 1400 francs. We offered 700. Oh! the curse of poverty, thought I, as I gazed at the bald head of old Blanc, and felt ambition glowing in me, and maddening at the impediments which came in our way! I have always loved mountains—almost worshipped them. I was reared among them. I have stood on Mt. Washington, I have been on Morgarten, and among the Highlands of Scotia; I have been through the Oberland and am now at the foot of the loftiest of them all, and am sighing to stand on his crown, and shake his white locks! Oh, Poverty, thou bane of Ambition! why not withdraw thy hand a moment, and give me free indulgence this once? 'Twas vain! My friends nobly sustained me in offering to share the expenses. I offered to go without a single guide, but none would go with me, and I could not go alone. None would attempt it. So farewell, old Blanc, and think well of me, for I shall never harm a hair of thy head.

We took the route by the "Tete de Noir," a new path lately opened, and passed amid scenes the most rugged and romantic—through tunnels, along perpendicular and overhanging cliffs, up precipices, among forests and straggling villages, down deep ravines, between lofty mountains, down which the torrents roared—and



after a hard day's work reached this village in the Val-lais on the Simplon road, before sunset. Three of us walked, and came out ahead of our Boston mule-rider and guide by nearly an hour. To-morrow we start for St. Bernard and Italy. We are sorry to part with our excellent friend W., but he has left us and started on his return home, by way of Lausanne Basle and the Rhine. We have a trio left and a fair prospect before us; for we are strong and ready for anything. No mountains nor labor can discourage us. So farewell, till you hear from me in Italy.

W. S. B.

## CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK :

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1848.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

### EXPLANATION OF SCRIPTURE.

An apology is due to our friend who wrote to us from Stockport, some time since, requesting us to give our views on the following passages of Scripture, in the Messenger. His communication was received in our absence, and unfortunately laid aside, so that it did not meet our notice until quite recently. Trusting that this oversight will be pardoned, we improve the earliest opportunity to attend to his request, which we propose to do in as brief a manner as possible.

The first of the passages above referred to, is found in Hebrews xi. 35, and reads as follows: "Women received their dead raised to life again; and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection." The only difficulty that we can perceive in the way of explaining this passage correctly, is in ascertaining to what the Apostle referred, by way of contrast, when he speaks of "a better resurrection." Better than what? This question, it seems to us, can only be answered by a reference to the context. And here it appears that he had been speaking, not upon the general subject of a resurrection into the immortal state, but of a temporary resurrection, wrought in a miraculous manner, in certain individual cases. Such, for instance, as the widow of Zarephath, 1 Kings, xvii. 21, and the Shunamite mother, 2 Kings, iv. 34, and perhaps others. He then goes on to speak of the immortal resurrection in prospect, as better than a mere temporary return to this life, such as had occurred in the cases before alluded to. This, which is undoubtedly the true view of the case, presents the subject of the resurrection in a most glorious and consoling light. There are few, probably, who have experienced the pains of bereavement, that would not call the departed back to life again, if they could. What parent that has ever been called to part with a loved child, can read the affecting narrative of the widow of Zarephath or the Shunamite, without an earnest prayer that they might receive a similar favor at the hand of God? And suppose that prayer could be answered. What, after all, would it be but a return to this world of sin and temptation, of conflict and trial, and where a victory over the world, its trials and temptations, is, at best, so uncertain? And who, in view of these things does not feel that since in the providence of God, the departed "have been taken away from the evil to come," it were better, infinitely better, that they should continue their undisturbed repose in the quiet slumber of the grave, until the advent of that period when they shall awake to new life and beauty, in that world where they shall be forever

freed from the sorrow and imperfections of earth, and enjoy the bliss of a glorious immortality.

The second passage, for which an explanation is asked, is found in Luke xiv. 14. "And thou shalt be blessed, for they cannot recompense thee, for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." The explanation of this text given by Rev. L. R. Paige, in his commentary on the New Testament, is so full, clear and satisfactory, that we prefer to give an extract from it, rather than to attempt an explanation of our own.

S. C. B.

"Thou shalt be blessed.—Men are blessed, or happy, in the act of doing good. See James i. 25. The benevolent emotions which prompt us to relieve the distresses of others, are a blessing; and the reflection that others have been made happy by our instrumentality is a blessing. In the latter clause of the verse, an additional blessing seems to be indicated. ¶ *They cannot recompense thee.* That is, they cannot recompense thee, as the rich do, by inviting thee to feasts, in their turn. And for this very reason it is, that favors bestowed on them are to be regarded as acts of charity and kindness. ¶ *Thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.* This has been generally understood by expositors, as a promise of reward in the future life, at or subsequent to the proper resurrection of the dead. But to this exposition there are several objections, which are entitled to serious consideration. (1.) It is the plain doctrine of the scriptures that virtue is rewarded and vice punished here; that the way of transgression is hard, and the way of wisdom or religion is pleasant; that a recompense is rendered on the earth to both righteous and wicked; in short, that all, even in the present life, are rewarded according to their works. Prov. iii. 17; xi. 31; xiii. 15: Matt. xvi. 27, 28; Gal. vi. 8. (2.) No well informed Christian pretends to *claim* the happiness of heaven, as his just *due* for services rendered; but all acknowledge that they are unprofitable servants; that they have done no more than their duty, Luke xvii. 10; that, on the other hand, they need forgiveness for their sins; and that, if saved at all it must be by divine grace, manifested in Christ Jesus our Lord. Such I understand to be the feeling of every true Christian. And, feeling thus, I see not how any one can consistently expect to be recompensed in the future life for showing kindness to the poor in the present life, bestowing on them a part and only a part of what God has bountifully given to him; especially when every one must be conscious that he has done no more than his duty, and most have fallen far short of it. (3.) This kind of virtue, generosity to the poor, and kindness to the distressed, is elsewhere referred to, and a peculiar reward described, in terms bearing a general resemblance to this passage, yet evidently not referring to the future life. Comp. Matt. xvi. 27, 28, with xxv. 31—40; and see the note. (4.) Our Lord nowhere else describes the transition from this to a future life, as the resurrection of the just; but that is described, either as the resurrection of the dead, or simply the resurrection. It is difficult to assign any good reason for this deviation, if the same event were described. (5.) Whenever the resurrection of the dead, or the transition to a future life, is mentioned, nothing is said of a judgment, or rewards, or punishments attending it. See Luke xx. 35, 36; 1 Cor. ch. xv; and note on John v. 28, 29. It would be contrary to his usual practice, then, if he here referred to a reward in the future life. (6.) The hearers of our Lord did not understand him to refer to the future life, as is evident from the exclamation of one of them, in ver. 15, and the remark of Jesus in regard to it, in ver. 16—14. Yet the Scribes and Pharisees believed in a future existence; and what is still more material to the present case, they are represented by Josephus as believing in a proper resurrection of the just, but in the final misery of the unjust, without a resurrection. Antiq. B. xviii., ch. i., § 3; J. Wars, B. ii., ch. viii., § 14. See note on Matt. iii. 7. But notwithstanding they believed the just should enjoy so great advantage over the unjust, in the future life, they evidently did not understand our Lord to speak of that life, or its blessings, in this place; they rather understood, by the resurrection of the just, the establishment of the Messiah's kingdom, or the blessings attending it. Such are some of the difficulties attending the common interpretation; and they are not easily removed.

The true meaning of this passage may be understood, by comparing it with Isa. lxxv. 17—25; lxxvi. 20—24; Dan. xii. 1—3; Mal. iii. 16—18; iv. 1—6; Matt. xiii. 40—43; xvi. 27, 28; Luke, xxi. 28—33. The ancient prophets predicted that, on the establishment of the Messiah's kingdom, a manifest distinction



should be made between the wicked and the just or the righteous; that the wicked should be punished and the just rewarded. A peculiar exaltation, or lifting up, or deliverance, which is the primary meaning of resurrection, is indicated as the portion of the righteous, at that period. And our Lord taught the same doctrine. The redemption of his true disciples was to be accomplished when he came to establish his kingdom; and then were they to shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. To this blessedness of his followers I suppose Jesus to have referred, by the resurrection of the just. And this supposition is confirmed by the fact, that what he required the Pharisees to do in order to share that blessedness, was precisely what, at other times, he required others to do, in order to enter his kingdom, or to partake in the benefits of the Messiah's reign. For example; he required the rich young man to bestow his possessions on the poor, if he would obtain eternal life, or, as he subsequently explained the phrase, enter into the kingdom of heaven. And he assured his disciples, who had already forsaken all, that they should be abundantly rewarded, when the Son of man should sit on the throne; in other words, when his kingdom should be established in power and great glory. See Matt. xix. 16—30, and the notes. It should be remembered, that the two grand fundamental laws of this kingdom require supreme love to God and universal love to men. The requisition here is, that the second great commandment be obeyed. When men feed the rich, and bestow favors on them who are able to repay them in kind, no true benevolence is displayed; but it is characteristic of pure love to others, to feed the hungry and relieve the destitute and distressed, as here required; and such love was indispensable to admission into the gospel kingdom. It is needless to quote examples, in proof of this fact; for it stands out prominently almost everywhere in our Lord's instructions.

It may be objected, that the *resurrection of the just* is an unusual phrase to describe the events consequent upon the establishment of the Messiah's kingdom on earth. It is not denied that the word *anastasis*, here rendered *resurrection*, is generally applied to the transition from the present to a future life; "yet this is neither the only, nor the primitive, import of the word. It denotes simply being raised from inactivity to action, or from obscurity to eminence, or a return to such a state, after an interruption. Agreeably therefore to the original import, rising from a seat is properly termed *anastasis*; so is awakening out of sleep, or promotion from an inferior condition. The word occurs in this last sense, Luke ii. 34."—*Campbell*. See note on Luke xv. 18. In this definition of the word, most lexicographers substantially agree. And, in this sense, the term is not inappropriately applied to those events which are so glowingly and in such highly figurative terms described by the prophets, and by our Lord, in the places above referred to. It might well be called a resurrection of the just or righteous, when their redemption should come, and they should shine as the sun in the kingdom of God. Matt. xiii. 40—43; Luke xxi. 28—33. But whether or not the phrase was unusual, the Jews evidently understood Jesus to refer to the Messiah's kingdom, by the *resurrection of the just*; see ver. 15; and in the parable which follows, ver. 16—24, he confirmed them in the belief that they understood him correctly, so far as the *subject of conversation* was concerned. The additional instructions, ver. 25—33, relate to the same general subject, and afford still further evidence of the same fact."

#### MISSIONARY MEETING.

The meeting of the N. Y. Universalist Home Missionary Society, held in the Vestry of the Bleecker-street Church on Tuesday evening of last week, was one of the most interesting that has been held for some time. In the absence of the president, and vice-president, at the opening of the meeting, Br. J. Crowell was called to the chair.

The Executive Committee reported that the bequest made to the Society by our late lamented Br. J. H. Fletcher, had by order of Court, been paid to our Treasurer. As by a previous vote of the society, authority had been given to have the principal safely and permanently invested, so that only the interest should be expended, no further action was taken upon the subject.

Addresses were made by Brs. E. H. Chapin, Wight, Lyon, and Bulkeley, and remarks were also offered by Dr. J. Hansen and G. E. Baker, Esq.

If the interest that was awakened on that evening shall be sustained, as we trust it will be, the time is not far distant when more vigorous efforts than have hitherto been made, will be used, to advance the objects contemplated in this organization. The society, it is admitted on all hands, has already, considering the means employed, accomplished a noble work for our cause in this vicinity. But then, what has been done is but trifling compared with what might be accomplished, if all who are in duty bound to lend their aid, would come up to the work in the true spirit of Christian liberality. The old plan of a 50 cent contribution for membership is well enough as far as it goes; but then there is a very general and growing conviction that the amount raised in this way is altogether inadequate to the wants of the society. It would be sufficient, perhaps, if all who ought to feel an interest in the matter would contribute their proportion; but this has never been the case, and past experience admonishes us that it is idle to expect it. There is therefore an absolute and pressing need of some other mode of raising funds in order to insure the accomplishment of the great and glorious object in contemplation.—"A Fair and Festival" has been suggested, and since this method has been so abundantly successful in raising funds for other objects, we can conceive of no good reason why it may not be made available in aiding the funds of this society. We shall look with much interest for the action of the executive committee on this subject, and we earnestly hope that either the above suggested, or some more feasible plan will be recommended and adopted. May we not hope also to see such numbers in attendance at the quarterly meeting in Orchard-street, on the second Monday evening in January, and such zeal and liberality too, as will gladden the hearts and strengthen the hopes of all the friends of this enterprise?

Brethren, the season is eminently propitious for the more zealous and successful prosecution of our labors! Let none therefore, who wish well to our cause, be backward in the good work.

S. C. B.

#### GOD LOVES HIS ENEMIES.

The Bible assures us that God loves his enemies. Thus it is said—God commendeth his love toward us in that while we were enemies, Christ died for the ungodly. The enmity of man is manifested in numerous ways—you see it in the contemptuous neglect of his ordinances. How are these disregarded and set at nought and denounced! You see it in the open and reckless and unblushing violation of those laws which he has given to govern our conduct with respect to ourselves, our neighbors and our God. You see it in the profaneness, in the shameless obscenity, in the mad and bitter hostility of those who are perpetually fighting against the truth. Now even such enemies as these, God loves. He makes his sun rise upon them in the same splendor and glory that it does upon the good; and his rain to fall upon them in all its richness and freshness. To such, God sends his Gospel, and pours forth the richest treasures of his spiritual kingdom. Unless this be so, how could the strong tide of iniquity ever be stayed in its desolating progress; how came its dark and turbid waters rolled back from the bounds they had proudly occupied for so many generations? Nothing but love for enemies could prompt to this—a love too which forgets the injuries and abuse and contempt it has received, and looks only at the miserable, wretched and undone condition of the sinner.

I know this fact is fatal to the doctrine of endless misery, and shows it to be utterly without foundation. Should you



stand by the proud river rolling in its majesty to the boundless ocean, you would know it must have sources—that there were fountains constantly pouring forth their waters. But would this be more certain, than that the streams of grace, mercy and love, constantly flowing out to man, must have a fountain? How are we crowned with spiritual blessings. The Gospel is constantly inviting us to the arms of bleeding mercy—we have favor upon favor, and blessing upon blessing. We are surrounded by the very waters of salvation. And yet, we are told that God hates the wicked; and on this idea, people have built the merciless doctrine of endless woe. But as the foundation is false, the doctrine must of course be false.

O. A. S.

### RATIONALISM.

We have ever spoken of Rationalism as Infidelity, and of Rationalists as rejecting the revelation of God. W. M. Fernald, whom they have held up as one of their strongest men, thus speaks of the Bible, the Sabbath, and the Clergy. Paine never went farther. The article in which these unblushing infidel opinions are expressed, was published in the "Liberator." Mr. Fernald is one of the correspondents of the *Universe*:

"But a feeling pervaded my own mind, all the time, that the true ground of the evil sought to be removed, had not been removed, had not been reached. I well remember, too, a remark of Parker Pillsbury, in a speech on the occasion, one evening.

"We have attacked (said he) the church and the clergy, and now we've come to the Sabbath, but we haven't laid the axe at the root of the matter yet."—That is true. The root of the matter is the Bible; or rather, the Bible as commonly received—the Bible as authority—the Bible as our Master—the Bible as an infallible book, as a unit, as the production of the Divine Mind, as a perfect whole. This is, truly enough, the foundation of the most evil, the most obstruction to all good reform, the most sectarian division and strife, the most war and bloodshed. It is the Bible, in this sense, that has given rise to the church; it is the church that has produced the clergy; and it is the clergy that has cursed the land with their arrogance, inhumanity and conceit. This is going to the foundation of the evil. It is high time that this subject was introduced to a popular convention by the reformers."

Rev. D. H. Plumb has written a long and able letter to the *Trumpet*, renouncing Rationalism, and frankly acknowledging that it is Infidelity. We give the following extracts:

"Christianity must be a supernatural religion because the advent, life, character, &c., of its Author cannot be accounted for on any natural hypothesis, or in any ordinary way.

His character was so opposite to the spirit of his time; his religion was so different from all prevalent religions; he was, in all respects, so far superior to all other men, especially of his age that we look in vain for the cause of his appearance, if we reject the idea of his being specially commissioned by God. No principles of human nature will explain the remarkable life of Jesus. Regarding him strictly as a man, and yet viewing him by the light of the evangelical record, (which is the only record we have) he still towers above all other men in moral sublimity and grandeur. His appearance in our world under the circumstances is miraculous, and cannot be reconciled with any natural theory. It is true we can set no bounds to human progress, nor limit the development of the moral nature of man; but still a disproportion so vast as that which existed between Jesus and the people of his age was never seen before, and has never been since. It is contrary to our experience—contrary to the laws of mind, that a young man thirty years of age should become the wonder of his time for knowledge and understanding, and astonish all who beheld him with his humility, and compassion and purity of soul.

It is not consistent to believe in the record of Christ's teaching in all its parts, without receiving also the record of his wonderful works.

The same historians from whom we derive our idea of Christ as a sublime moral teacher, record his miracles, and they are clothed with the same air of simplicity and truth. If we know Christ only thro' the medium of the evangelical histories, we must,

to be consistent, take the whole Bible account of his life, teachings, miracles, &c., or else take none at all. The Evangelists were as liable to be mistaken about his teachings, as they were to make egregious mistakes about his works. The moral life of Jesus is held up for imitation by all who believe in him, and yet it is said that there is some reason to believe the record of his works is not correct. If we have faith enough in the evangelical records to regard him as a perfect man, as a light, an exemplar and a guide, we ought most assuredly to believe the whole record which they gave.

The tendency of the Rationalistic or natural theory is manifestly downward, leading to a denial of all religion. Those who have commenced with a denial of miracles have not stopped there, but have found themselves doubting the truth of all religion, and neglecting the worship of Almighty God.

Such has been, in a measure, my experience, and I am fully satisfied that this is the experience of all who sincerely advocate the Rationalistic views. The moment we let go our hold on the Bible, we find ourselves drifting out on the great sea of skepticism, doubting almost everything, and believing nothing else than that reason is supreme. If we remove the landmark of revelation, our minds become like the troubled sea, and our souls are filled with doubt. The world has progressed with the Bible, and we have reason to believe, that it will continue to progress, and that through its instrumentality "the knowledge of the Lord will yet cover the earth as the waters cover the sea," and that the time will speedily come when "there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all the holy mountain of our God."

Boston, Dec., 1848.

D. H. PLUMB.

### UNIVERSALIST UNION TEACHERS' MEETING.

Agreeably to previous notice the above named body met in the vestry of the Bleecker Street Church, on Monday evening of last week. The meeting was very respectably attended, and the exercises were of an exceedingly interesting character. Remarks were offered by Rev. W. S. Balch and S. C. Bulkeley, and a very interesting poetic address, from one of the female teachers of the Bleecker st. School, was read to the meeting.

The address by Mr. Balch, on the condition of Sunday Schools in Europe, contained many interesting facts, and was listened to with much interest and we trust with profit, by those present. In the course of his observations, the speaker dwelt upon the contrast presented between the Sunday Schools in Europe and in this country. Sunday Schools in Europe, he observed, are intended merely as nurseries of the intellect, the object being to give instruction in the elementary branches of secular learning to those who have no other opportunity to acquire an education. As a consequence, they are attended by none but the more indigent portion of Society, and such as met his observation, presented a very ragged and destitute appearance. These schools are taught by certain benevolent persons, who do not seem to be very heartily devoted to the work, regarding it rather as an irksome and unpleasant duty, and the children for the most part seem to take as little interest in their teachers, as their teachers do in them. So far as the speaker was able to obtain information in regard to the condition of the schools in England and on the continent, they are in a most wretched and languishing condition and in respect to almost every essential particular, contrast most unfavorably with similar institutions in this country.

The existence of our excellent common school system, affording as it does to every child in the land, an opportunity to obtain an education, renders the Sabbath School unnecessary, for any such purpose as it exists abroad. Our Sunday Schools are devoted to the noble work of training the young in the ways of morality and religion; are attended by all classes in the community, and as the blessed effects of the instruction there imparted, are constantly becoming more manifest, a deeper interest is awakened in them, and instead of dwindling away or languishing, every year bears witness to their increased prosperity and usefulness. The speaker concluded his eloquent address, by an earnest appeal to



the teachers present, to be more zealous and faithful, in view of their high advantages and responsibilities. S. C. B.

### INSTALLATION IN ALBANY.

Rev. W. H. Waggoner was installed pastor of the First Universalist Society in Albany on Wednesday evening of last week, (20th inst.) The order of service was as follows:—1. Voluntary. 2. Reading the Scriptures by Rev. C. T. Corliss, of Brunswick. 3. Introductory prayer by Rev. G. Collins, of Hudson. 4. Hymn. 5. Sermon by Rev. W. S. Balch, of New York. 6. Hymn. 7. Installing prayer by Rev. J. Pierpont, of Troy. 8. Charge by Rev. J. Baker, of Glen's Falls. 9. Fellowship by Rev. Mr. Balch. 10. Address to the Society by Rev. Mr. Collins. The exercises were concluded by the following hymn written for the occasion, by a member of the Society, and the benediction by the Pastor.

Almighty Father, ere we part,  
We supplicate thy grace;  
O, may thy Spirit fill each heart,  
And find a resting place.

Our chosen pastor, Lord, inspire  
With Wisdom from above,  
And touch his lips with living fire  
Of thine eternal love.

Here may the gospel's joyous strains  
Oft cheer the sinking mind;  
Release from error's galling chains  
The prisoner long confined.

May church and pastor long abide,  
A happy Christian band—  
The seeds of truth be scatter'd wide,  
With an unsparing hand.

Though wrapped in slumber, long and deep,  
May this our Zion rise;  
And on her watch towers vigils keep  
With ever wakeful eyes.

The services were appropriate and seemed to give great satisfaction to the respectable audience in attendance. The prayer, charge and addresses to the Society were solemn and impressive, and could not fail to awaken the minds of those more immediately interested, to the importance of the relation then publicly acknowledged, and to the duties henceforth resting upon them.

It was the object of the sermon to show that the Christian minister is "set for the defence of the Gospel;" that he is expected to defend its doctrines and precepts, by sound arguments and a pure life, making himself a witness of its living and saving power; that the present time demands also a defence of the *Gospel itself* against the assaults made upon it on every side by interested men; that he must buckle on the armor and prepare himself to fight again the *old* battles, but on *new* ground, contending not against ancient heathenism, but modern ultraism, the wild, extravagant and foolish assumptions of men who call themselves Philanthropists, Rationalists, Transcendentalists, and talk about *intuitions*, interior developments and all that sort of thing; as if nothing is to be believed, which is not agreeable to our *intuitions*, whether it be the restoring of a withered arm or the hanging a world on nothing, poisoning it in mid heaven and sending it whirling around its axis along its orbit; or whether the unstopping of our ear to hear that last news which spins along a single wire, with the rapidity of lightning,

through a space of more than a thousand miles. It was shown that Christianity can be more easily defended now than ever before, because we are not made answerable for false and in consistent doctrines once attached to it on authority. We can appeal to the clearest reason and broadest benevolence. We can set up doctrines which the teachings of nature will not discredit, which the light of science cannot dim, and from that they are the doctrines of Revelation.

Every thing is tending to give strength and permanency to true Christianity. It was therefore argued that the minister should be familiar with the present state of the question, and qualified to answer any objection which might arise in any mind; and above all, that he should insist upon the great argument, the sublime morality and great practical value of the Gospel, which none can deny nor long resist; for it gives a witness to him who obeys.

The Society in Albany seems to be improving, and it is hoped the prudence and devotion of their present Pastor, in the discharge of his duties, will receive the Divine blessing and add greatly to its prosperity. There are several men in that society who have labored long and well, others are now coming to their aid, and a better day than they have yet enjoyed is coming.

### CLINTON INSTITUTE.

We have received a copy of the catalogue of this institution, from which it appears that there were 133 male and 91 female students during the past year. Though far from receiving the support and encouragement it deserves, it is believed to be in a flourishing condition compared with what it has been in former years.

Appended to the catalogue we find the following, which we copy for the benefit of such as may desire the information:—

The Clinton Liberal Institute, comprising a Male and Female Department, and pleasantly located in the village of Clinton, Oneida County, N. Y., was founded in 1832, and is under the visitation of the Regents of the University of the State. Clinton is eight miles southwest from Utica, and is one of the most pleasant villages, situated in one of the finest valleys, of the Empire State. It is connected with Utica by a plank-road built the past season, and may be reached by stage twice a day from that city.

The male Department occupies a stone edifice of ninety-six feet by fifty-four, and four stories high; and besides recitation rooms, library, etc., can accommodate eighty students with rooms, which are large, well lighted, and have convenient dormitories. The course of studies pursued in this department, embraces the branches required for entering any college in the Union, or to fit young gentlemen for the study of any of the Professions, or for business, or the trades. Particular attention will hereafter be given to the common English branches, which, it is believed, are often neglected.

The Buildings now occupied by the Female Department have been found inadequate to its wants, and a new and spacious edifice, designed particularly for its use, and provided with all the convenience of the best schools for young ladies, will be erected during the coming spring and summer, and be in readiness to be occupied at the commencement of the Fall Term. The course of studies in this department is designed to give the pupils a solid and thoroughly practical education.

The Library contains about 1200 volumes. The Philosophical apparatus is limited, but sufficient for the illustration of most studies. During the winter a course of Chemical Lectures will be delivered in the village, by an able Chemist and Lecturer, which students of the Institute can attend on very reasonable terms.

EXPENSES.—Tuition, including room rent and all the ordinary expenses, varies from \$4.50 to \$7.50 per term, according to the studies pursued.

Board, including lodging and washing, may be had for \$1.75 or \$2.00 per week, and without lodging or washing for \$1.25 or \$1.50 per week. Fuel, lights and washing are to be had on moderate terms.

TERMS AND VACATIONS.—There are three terms of fourteen weeks each, and three vacations in each year. The terms of the



following year will commence on Wednesday the 13th of Dec., the 4th of April, and the 5th of September. After the close of the Winter term there is a vacation of two weeks; after that of the Spring the present year eight weeks: and after the Fall term one week.

#### FAIR AND FESTIVAL AT WILLIAMSBURGH.

We are happy to learn, that notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather, which prevented many in this city and Brooklyn who desired to be present, from attending, the occasion was one of much interest and passed off very well. The precise amount raised we have not learned, but understand the net proceeds to be about \$300. Our Williamsburgh friends, with their accustomed zeal and liberality, provided a rich and most abundant repast for their guests, and the display of articles on sale has seldom been exceeded for richness and variety. The occasion we trust will be remembered with pleasure by all who had the happiness to participate in the rich entertainment which it afforded.

#### INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

We thank our venerable friend for his interesting communication, and hope that he may be spared to a good old age. We shall certainly avail ourselves of his kind invitation should we providentially find ourselves in circumstances that would permit us to do so. We would recommend to any of our preachers passing that way to do the same.

SOUTH DURHAM, N. Y., Nov. 30, 1848.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I am seventy-eight years old. I became a believer in Universal Salvation eighteen years ago. I was converted to that faith by reading my Bible; I never heard but five sermons preached in favor of that doctrine. I am alone here, with the exception of two or three in the neighborhood. I have been stopped in the road and many other places, by persons of the opposite faith, to hear their objections, but of late years, since I have been able to ask them questions in return, they have let me alone. If there is any one of our preachers travelling through this section of the country, I wish he would call at the house of P. P. Grant, at South Durham Post Office, and he will direct to my residence, which is one mile from Grant's. It is a convenient place at Mr. Grant's to hold a meeting, as he is a believer in our doctrine.

I enclose two dollars in this letter for your paper, and I intend to take it as long as I live. I am,

Yours respectfully, GUILLEMON RICKERSON.

#### WRITTEN AND UNWRITTEN SERMONS.

We have generally found, says the Olive Branch, that those ministers who scold about unwritten sermons, are wholly unable to preach, except as they read from their manuscript—and those who condemn a man as unfit to preach, unless he can always do it extemporaneously, are wholly incapable of writing anything fit to be read. The greatest preachers the church ever produced, both wrote, and preached extemporaneously, such as Fenelon and a hundred others. A man who always writes, generally becomes a mere reader, whilst the one who only extemporizes, is apt to become lazy, and trusts to his imagination and the inspiration of the moment and the occasion, which often fail him. Let a man regularly commit his thoughts to writing, but be always ready to use them with or without his notes

#### DUTIES OF YOUNG MEN.

G. W. Briggs, 463 Washington-street, Boston, has issued new edition of this popular and useful work. This makes, we believe, nine editions that have been published. The last one is very elegantly bound, and makes a beautiful gift book for the holidays. What work could a parent present to a son more valuable than this? This edition is very handsome indeed. It is for sale at this office. We advise all young men to read it. They will learn from it the course of life which should be pursued, if they would be useful and happy.

THE UNITARIAN REGISTER.—Crosby & Nichols have published the above named work for 1849. It is very handsomely printed, and well filled with statistical information. It contains the dates of the settlement of each minister in the Unitarian denomination, by which we learn, that out of the 215 settled preachers over 100 have been settled since 1844. There are 9 preachers in this State. It may be obtained of Francis & Co., in this city. We copy from it the following:

JEREMY TAYLOR ON THE CHARACTER OF GOD.—“They also fear God unreasonably, and speak no good things concerning him, who say that God hath decreed the greatest part of mankind to eternal damnation, and that only to declare his severity, and to manifest his glory by a triumph in our torments, and rejoicings in the gnashings of our teeth; who say that God commands us to observe laws which are impossible; that think he will condemn innocent persons for errors of judgment which they cannot avoid; that condemn whole nations for different opinions which they are pleased to call heresies; that think God will exact the duties of a man by the measure of an angel, or will not make abatement for all our pitiable infirmities. \* \* \* He that says there was no such a man as Julius Cæsar does him less displeasure than he that says there was, but that he was a tyrant and a bloody parricide. And the Cimmerians were not esteemed impious for saying that there was no sun in the heavens; but Anaxagoras was esteemed irreligious for saying the sun was a very stone; and though to deny there is a God is a high impiety and intolerable, yet he says worse, who, believing there is a God, says he delights in human sacrifices, in miseries and death, in tormenting his servants, and punishing their very infelicities and unavoidable mischances. To be God, and to be essentially and infinitely good, is the same thing; and therefore to deny either, is to be reckoned among the greatest crimes of the world.”—*Jeremy Taylor's Sermons.*

POEMS BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.—Illustrated by H. Billings, Boston: Benjamin B. Mussey & Co., 1849.

This is a well printed, elegantly bound, beautifully illustrated volume of substantially good poetry. It does one good, in these days of cheap publications, when poetry and philosophy, history and romance, Christianity and fictions are published in perishable forms, to find a book not only in “hard covers,” but possessing a beauty upon which the eye delights to feast, an elegance that forbids the touch of a soiled hand. The illustrations are designed with poetic taste and engraved with an artist's skill.

We regard the author as a genuinely good man. He honestly hates oppression of every kind. He does not mourn over the woes and ills and wrongs of our poor humanity, with a mock feeling, with a sickly sentimentality, gently touching tyranny with a soft, lily jewel-laden hand, talking to it in tinsel measured forms of speech, but with heroic heart speaks out, calling ugly things by their real Saxon names, and with a fist hardened by real legitimate labor, deals effective telling blows. To use his own language:—

Yet here at least an earnest sense

Of human right and weal is shown;

A hate of tyranny intense,

Our acknowledgments are due to Hon. Horace Greeley for copies of public Documents.



And hearty in its vehemence,  
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

Oh! Freedom! if to me belong  
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,  
Nor Marvel's wit and graceful song,  
Still with a love as deep and strong  
As their's, I lay like them, my best gifts, on thy shrine!

His whole heart is with the laborer. He finds nothing repulsive in the brawny arm, in the athletic frame, in the hardened hand, or the flushed and sun-burned face. The persons that figure in his poems, are not mere angelic beauties, airy graceful beings of the fancy, or wild creations of the imagination; but real, living, flesh-and-blood, acting, working men and women. Who would not fall in love with the Yankee girl?

She sings by her wheel, at the low cottage-door,  
Which the long evening shadow is stretching before,  
With a music as sweet as the music which seems  
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams!

He is an earnest reformer. His heart bleeds for the slave, he weeps that "man's inhumanity to man" should make "its countless thousands mourn." He would have the tyrant dethroned, he would have the "oppressor" leave his "wrong," the "proud man forget his contumely." He would pull down the gallows, he would break the bonds of the slave, he would give freedom to the human race. He does not seek for freedom in "priestcraft's harpy minions," nor does he rove fancy to find it "the companion of the mountain winds," "the playmate of the ocean waves;" he finds its germ in every human heart which only needs to be quickened by the genial warmth of Christianity, to grow and produce its blessed fruits. And he does not work like one without hope:

Take heart! The promised hour draws near—  
I hear the downward beat of wings,  
And freedom's trumpet sounding clear—  
Joy to the people!—woe and fear  
To new-world tyrants, old-world kings!

Nor does he work with a destructive impatience:

Oh! thou who mournest on thy way,  
With longings for the close of day!  
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,  
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:  
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell  
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

He may be somewhat deficient as an artist, yet he is none the less instructive as a poet. It is infinitely better to be a poet of good ideas, of pure motives, of elevated feelings, without artistic skill in the use of language, than to be a poet of false ideas, of impure motives, of perverted feelings, yet possessing the eloquence of an angel. The real poetry is in the man and the medium of language through which it is conveyed to others, though an important, is yet a subordinate part. As Lessing says, if Raphael had been born without hands he would have been a painter still.

**FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY, OR THE PILGRIM'S REST.**—Such is the title of a very neat little pamphlet, written by G. W. Quincy, and designed for use in Sabbath School Exhibitions. Just published, by James M. Usher, Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

**THE KNICKERBOCKER.**—The December Number has been read with much satisfaction. It closes the volume. A new one begins with January. This is the proper time to subscribe for that best of all the Monthlies.

## CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

We refer our readers to an article from Br. Soule on our first page, and spare them any sage and sad remarks of our own.—We would simply advise our readers that our paper will come to them, next week, in a somewhat improved dress; and also that THE EDITORS WILL BE AT HOME NEW YEAR'S DAY, READY AND HAPPY TO RECEIVE CALLS FROM THEIR PATRONS.

## EVERY MAN HIS OWN PATENT AGENT.

Munn & Co., publishers of the "*Scientific American*," have favored us with a Pamphlet containing the Patent Laws of the United States, together with all the forms necessary for applying for a Patent, information in regard to filing caveats, with remarks on its uses, ect., amount of fee required at the Patent Office, and every other information that is necessary to instruct a person in making his own application.

Price 12 1-2 cents single, or 12 copies for one dollar—sent by mail to any part of the United States.

Address Munn & Co., New York.

## THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

Held its Annual Festival at the Astor House, last week. The dinner was sumptuous, the toasts appropriate, and the speeches excellent. Several invited guests were present and every thing went off in fine style. We are happy to inform our readers that Br. Chapin has furnished us a copy of his speech, of which we shall make a New Year's present to our readers.

**THE FAIR IN BRIDGEPORT.**—We are happy to learn that notwithstanding the unusually inclement weather during the Fair held by our friends in Bridgeport last week, the receipts were between \$600 and \$700, and the net profits considerably over five hundred dollars. The debt of the society was but a trifle over \$400; it is therefore now fairly above board, with an over-plus on hand; and under the excellent ministrations of our esteemed Brother Moses Ballou, its prospects are flattering in the highest degree. We learn that the congregations at their church have nearly doubled in point of numbers during the last three months.

**ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.**—This superb work is regularly progressing. Parts 67 and 68 have been received. The former contains an elegant engraving of the Arch of Via Dolorosa, and the latter an engraving of Peter and John at the Beautiful Gate. It is seldom that more neatly executed engravings are seen than those in this Bible. Each plate is well worth twenty-five cents, the price of a number. Besides, the work is very elegantly printed, on strong white paper. The size of the work is good; it is not so large as to be unweildy, nor so small as to be inferior. It is enriched by brief notes from the pen of Rev. Dr. Fletcher. It is published by Virtue, 26 John-st., New York. All who wish a handsome Bible, beautifully illustrated, should obtain this.

**THE STEAMER CONFIDENCE.**—It came in our way to go to Albany in this boat the other day, and a fine little craft she is, neat, convenient, and, above all, well managed. Captain Kempton knows how to make his passengers easy and comfortable. So well pleased were we that we took some pains to return in her in preference to one of larger pretensions which left earlier but arrived considerably later. With Mr. Hunt as proprietor, Capt. Kempton for commander, and one of Hogg & Delamater's engines to propel her, the Confidence cannot fail to become a great favorite with the public, if she runs next season. She has gone into winter quarters.



## Miscellaneous Department.

Original

### EARTH'S BEAUTIES.

BY LOUISA.

How beautiful the balmy breeze,  
That floating o'er the southern seas,  
Comes perfume-laden from the isles,  
Where summer, rich in beauty, smiles.

Oh, glorious are the stars to me,  
Reflected on the deep, blue sea,  
Those watchers o'er the wide domain  
Of human sorrow, sin and pain.

Oh, sweet the lily and the rose,  
And every simple flower that grows;—  
Fond types are they of human flow'rs,  
Whose home shall be in Eden bow'rs.]

The wild-wood music of the rill,  
Which makes the soul with rapture thrill,  
Is but an earnest of the praise,  
Which glows in heaven's diviner lays;—

And yet it wakes emotion deep,  
And blissful thoughts which cannot sleep,  
Points to our glorious home on high,  
Where love and friendship cannot die.

Oh, from these earthly symbols fair,  
That circle round this world of care,  
Let us look up in faith and love,  
To nobler, brighter, realms above!

Millington, Conn.

(From the Olive Branch.)

### LEAVING HOME.

When I was in my seventeenth year my father called me into his study and with a mixture of gravity and cheerfulness, informed me he had just received a letter from his brother in the city, making the inquiry whether it would not be agreeable for him "to dispose of me," adding, he would like to receive me behind his counter and learn me some of the arts of trade.

My father proceeded to say that as his salary was small, and there was some little doubt whether in these changeable times he should be able much longer to retain that little amount, he could not but consider it as a good offer;—and as my education was sufficient for all practical common business, with my consent he would return an affirmative answer. "I suppose," said he, "you would like to go? The city is the place to become an enterprising man. You will enter it with many advantages. My brother is a man of rare business habits;—you will board in his family, and be received as one of them, and by the kindness of his oldest son, all tendency to homesickness will be dissipated. And you would like to go, Thomas, hey?"

"Why, yes, sir," I replied, "I don't know but I should, the subject is new to me—if I should be better off than at home, I suppose I ought not to object," and so I withdrew from his study for my father to write the answer.

Passing into the kitchen I saw Polly, my only sister, a year younger than myself, in tears. In my mother's bedroom I espied her with her back turned toward me, evidently to conceal her deep emotion—but presently wiping her eyes, she called me to her and observed,

"Well, Thomas, your Uncle George has sent for you, and your father, has I suppose, decided you should leave home. I trust it will be for the best—but I confess, I have some misgivings about your going into a city. I know there are privileges there, but there are temptations too; and I have seen so many promising young men who set off from the parental roof with the most flattering prospects, at length shipwrecked in

character and fortune, that I do tremble, Thomas for your fate. I hope, however, you will ever bear in mind with what solicitude I shall follow you, and should a temptation arise to do wrong, the thought of the sin of a first deviation, and a knowledge of the pain it will cause your mother, will deter you at once from its commission."

"Pho, mother, don't worry so about me," I replied, "I am going to a second home, my uncle will feel for me and direct as a father would—besides, I shall come home often—and do tell me what temptation I shall have to do wrong, any more than here at home?"

But I spake as a boy—and what does an inexperienced boy know?

The following week was spent in preparing my wearing apparel, giving good advice and sundry instructions again and again, and finally I became so wearied with the detail of "now you must not do thus and so Thomas," that I really longed for my time to come to depart. I had imagined to myself in some respects a pleasanter home than the one I was leaving; for I was sick of advice, and I felt I could be more independent and manly when escaped from parental restraints. My greatest trial after all, was to leave my little sister Polly. She cried so bitterly, and anticipated such loneliness, that it overcame my stout heart, as I said the last "good bye" to her. My parents I expected to see in a week or two.

Habited in good country style, with a nice round white hair trunk shaped like a log, and a bundle handkerchief of brilliant colors, I was deposited in the cars, and entrusted to the care of a neighbor who was to leave me at my uncle's store. In a few hours I arrived. He did a wholesale commission business employed some half dozen young men who seemed anything but busy as I entered:—for when Farmer Smith announced, "I have brought you your nephew, as directed," every eye was fixed on me, and a general titter ran through the whole clan.

My uncle bade me put my trunk under the counter and threw my cotton bundle upon a high shelf, which I feared at the time, I should never reach. I was then sent to a cellar underneath the store to assist an Irishman in getting out some bales of cotton cloth. The poor Paddy seemed to me the best friend I found; for he said in a piteous tone,

"Och Jimmy, o' whats yer name? I pity the lad when he first leaves his home—I remember mine in the Emerald Isle, and he brushed away a tear as the place rose in memory before him.

Here I remained until two o'clock. I was almost famished with hunger, and yet I heard not a word about food. At last my appetite became so imperative that I ran above and inquired for my uncle.

"Who's your uncle?" asked a saucy clerk.

"Mr. George Stevens," I replied, very mannerly.

"Then why not ask for Mr. Stevens." He's gone to dinner and will probably come back before we shut up, and then you can get yours."

This, thought I, is boarding with my uncle! But I went below again resolved to brave it out.

About half past three o'clock, Mr. Stevens returned, and directed William, the clerk who had so insulted me, to show me the way to his house—at the same time he directed me to notice the direction, I took, as I must return alone.

But my hunger made me regardless of almost everything, and after walking through streets without number, at the back door of an elegant stone house I was led through a long passage into a larger kitchen, where in a hot summer's day, the range for cooking was filled with hot coal, and before this fire the cook directed me to take my dinner. It was a mess of odds and ends thrown together from the scrapings of several plates, and although I marvelled much, yet I asked no questions, but devoured all placed before me. Having despatched my dinner, I inquired of a domestic for my aunt Stevens?

"Your aunt Stevens, boy? Sure she will never suffer you thus to nickname her. My mistress, Mrs. Stevens, is taking her afternoon nap, and surely I shall not wake her for a spalpeen like yerself."

"Where is cousin George?" I then inquired.

"In the library at his lessons, is master George; but he never makes himself common with a store lad like yerself.

I remembered how very common he made himself at my father's during his summer vacations; and at the time I attributed all to the ill feelings of tired domestics, and finding myself baffled in my endeavors to see my relatives, I attempted to blunder my way back to the store. For full an hour, I inquired and travelled from street to street, before I achieved the



exploit."

As I entered the store, I familiarly observed "Well, uncle, I have found you at last," which remark he appeared not to relish,—for in a churlish tone he answered "Don't call me *uncle*, Tom. Go down stairs and assist the Paddy."

I obeyed, and as I did so, a clerk inquired of me what I would take for my *nankeens*? alluding to my pants which my mother had recut and fitted from my father's wardrobe away back when he was in college.

At night, I was again placed in the kitchen to supper—and was shown to bed by a man of all work. My sleeping apartment was an attic, or rather a small dark room, lighted only by a door with no window, a place evidently finished to store trunks and other rubbish. But a tired boy never stops sleeping to think long. I only remember that the large airy chamber where cousin George slept when he visited me, was a very different room.

I was kept marking goods, waiting upon clerks and other "slight jobs," until Saturday night, when, upon my return home, Mrs. Stevens and Master George came into the kitchen to see me. This was the first time I had seen them; and a very different reception was given from that at father's when it was always in the mouth of my aunt, "Do, Thomas, dear, come and see George when you can;"—and George too seemed not half as familiar—it was only a simple, "How are ye, Thomas? How do you like Boston?" &c.

I need not say, I hated it most perfectly.

Sunday morning, however, I was seated at the family breakfast table—where but for an odd cup, and a different plate, and a more ordinary chair, I should have been taken by a stranger, en passant, as "one of the family."

And now the bells announced the time for service. Of course I was cleanly attired, and expected to attend my cousin George to church; but I heard my aunt in the entry remark

"Mr. Stevens, Tom is not going with our George."

My uncle replied, "It will never do, wife, to separate them." "Do or not," said she raising her voice with authority, "my George is not going with that countrified boy to Sunday School, and besides, he shall not sit in our pew. There's a good seat in the organ loft, let him go there."

"Have your own way, then," said my uncle, "but depend on it there will be trouble about it."

"George," said Mrs. Stevens,—"Tom, come here; my son, you will see that Tom has a seat in Mr. Slade's class among those kind of boys, and after the school is over, ask his teacher to show him a seat in the gallery;—you know, George they say those are very pleasant sittings, and Tom, do you try and hear so as to tell your father how much better preaching you here in the city than at home."

At home poor Thomas heard his father, and he felt the insinuation deeply; but he had a forgiving heart and was resolved to make no fuss.

Mr. Slade received the raw country boy into his class, and soon found he had indeed a desirable acquisition. His biblical knowledge was astonishing, and upon inquiry how he had attained it, he modestly mentioned his home training. This led to the disclosure that his father was a clergyman, and Mr. Slade soon transferred Thomas to a class where the most intelligent boys were instructed, who were far advanced above George Stevens. Besides, he disobeyed the order of securing for him a seat in the organ loft; but invited him in his own pew, which happened to be situated in front of Mr. Stevens.

Mrs. Stevens could not sit quietly all the morning, and as soon as the service was ended, she begged her husband to rectify the boy's blunder, "for undoubtably George had mistaken her message."

But the rustic Thomas was gaining friends; his deportment at the store soon commanded the respect of the rudest clerk, not a jeer nor laugh was longer heard at his expense.

As things were assuming a more endurable aspect, Thomas' parents arrived to inquire after their dear boy, and see how he succeeded; as no letter had been written by him to them, since his absence, Rev. Mr. Stevens and lady, Mrs. Stevens of city notoriety dared not treat otherwise than respectfully. "She was so glad to see them."—and the curtained bed, bedecked with French tapestry was none too good for her guests, and the warm bath, "it was no trouble for Jonas to arrange that," and any little delicacies she might have, "oh, she would bring them forward, for she never could repay the thousand attentions she had received at their hospitable home." And Thomas, too, was a roommate with George and

and although he could not conveniently arrange business so that he could sit at the same table with the family, yet the food was left standing in the dining room, and Mrs. Stevens was sure to say

"Keep all things warm, Fanny, against Thomas comes in, and tell Bridget to keep the muffins in the range oven for him!"

How grateful Thomas' mother felt for such attentions to her son. But alas! with their departure his aunt's politeness fled; and yet strange to say, no murmur escaped his lips, but he kept on in the same path of duty and obedience, never distressing his parents with his complaints, but leaving them to the comfortable reflection that his home was all they could desire.

But when did true merit ever cease to secure present reward? It certainly never does, if we reflect upon the peace it inwardly bestows, and invariably it will work its way into the most stubborn heart. Thomas Stevens never rendered evil for evil, but contrariwise. His boyish trials seemed to strengthen a manly character. He resolutely baffled every form of temptation, and became the cherished objects of love among his associates.

At length he became promoted in his uncle's store, and the business-like character he acquired made him sought for as a partner in many a flourishing commission house. But he accepted no proposal, as Mr. Stevens found his services invaluable to himself, and could remunerate him accordingly.

But George proposed no such high standard for himself, and let us see his end. He to be sure had entered his second year in College, but becoming associated with some rowdyish classmates, for some rebellious conduct, he was expelled, and his mother was heard frantically to exclaim

"If you were only a promising young man like your cousin Thomas, dear George, how it would rejoice your mother's heart."

Remember that trials, my young friends, are only seeds, which if planted in good ground, will yield an hundred fold. Never envy the lad who is nursed in the lap of luxury; his youth is pampered his manhood is imbecile, his old age produces no fruit of holy living. Surmount all early obstacles with an heroic heart, and success will surely attend your efforts; for the foundation thus indestructibly laid will withstand all the assaults which may lie in your path.

Thomas Stevens was at length found a welcome guest at his uncle's table—a seat in the family pew was freely tendered him and even then his "dear aunt" very complacently took his arm in her husband's absence, and vainly wished that with her own son she might find equal confidence and a parallel of every noble virtue.

Whether she ever penitently confessed her faults toward him upon his first introduction into her family, is not known—but it is hoped the narration will forever check similar treatment from all *aunts-in-law*, who may thus unconsciously degrade a youth who has not moral strength to surmount the obloquy heaped upon him. Thomas Stevens is not a solitary case. Young men are thus treated in more families than one, and then they leave their friends to wonder, lament and mourn over their fondness for reckless society, their love of frivolous amusement, and their perversion of a nature once pure as the mountain breeze in their secluded home. The chief aim with the parents in starting their sons seems to be to secure them a situation in "some established firm," while their moral character is suffered to run waste by an introduction into temptations which their previous training has unfitted them to resist. *Where they live, and how they live*, is a more important consideration.

## Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Selected.

THE THREE FORMS OF FAITH.

CALVINISM.

Enter Calvin, Luther, Hopkins, Prudence, Mercy and Grace.

Calvin. Good evening, Luther; I am glad to meet you—for though I have warmly opposed some of your popish no-



tions, it is a pleasure to see one who adheres to the divine decrees.

Luther. I can readily forgive you, Calvin, for though in some things you have gone farther in opposing the mother church than I have, you have done nobly in defending the sovereignty of God. Our friend Hopkins seems not to agree with us exactly.

Hopkins. You did well, gentlemen, considering your circumstances, but I think that I have made some improvements upon your system; but I believe most fully in your doctrine of decrees.

Calvin. Yes, I know that, and I have been thinking that my opposition to your theory was not wise. The truth is, we cannot see alike in all things, and while we agree that God is a sovereign, and has fixed by his decrees the fate of the world, I do not think that we should contend about minor points.

Luther. You are right, Calvin, and I think we ought to be more lenient towards Br. Hopkins, especially as Arminius is making some noise in the world, and is thought to have much more benevolent views of Deity than we have.

Hopkins. By the way, brethren, that brings up a difficulty that has often troubled me. The most benevolent persons that I meet shudder at the doctrine of eternal reprobation. They say it is too horrible to be believed.

Prudence. Why, gentlemen, that is a general feeling among my sex, but I cannot think it prudent to talk as they do. It may be that this very feeling which they have is one of the temptations of Satan. If he can transform himself into an angel of light, why not into an angel of mercy?

Calvin. It is no doubt a suggestion of Satan. He wishes to deceive that he may destroy.

Mercy. He cannot have much shrewdness then, for how can he expect to change the decrees of the infinite God? Do you not all teach that those to be saved are elected to life, and those to be lost reprobated to endless woe? If you are right, then, the elect can be in no danger, and they need not trouble themselves about the wiles of Satan.

Grace. But do you deny that salvation is of grace? Can any merit heaven?

Mercy. Oh no—it is of God's mercy that we are saved; but then if our doom, as Calvin teaches, was fixed before we came into the world, Satan cannot be very wise if he supposes that he can alter it.

Grace. That's just the way Arminius preaches. He is all for works, and expects that works will take him to heaven.

Luther. Yes—and he seems to think that when God made the world he had no fixed design.

Hopkins. Or if he had, that it has been defeated.

Calvin. I cannot endure those squeamish people, who think that God has not a right to do as he pleases with his own.

Prudence. None dispute the right of God to do as he pleases; but does he please to do what you say? I would not be rash, but really I could love God better, if it were not for his decree of reprobation.

Mercy. Such a decree makes God an awful being.

Grace. What of that, salvation must be of grace.

Prudence. On that point there can be no doubt; but because it is of grace, does it follow that some are decreed to ruin?

Calvin. Of course if any are lost, God decreed that they should be, for he had a design with regard to every human being.

Hopkins. Of that there can be no doubt.

#### ARMINIANISM.

*Enter Arminius, Wesley, Clarke, Free Grace, Free Will, and Compassion.*

Calvin. Good heavens! what a troop is here. Arminius and his followers.

Luther. Alas! for the degeneracy of this age.

Arminius. Friends, here we shall have an encounter, for we have fallen in with the representatives of another age.

Wesley. Indeed we have, and their presence seems to throw dark shadows over us.

Clarke. And not only shadows, but a chill which almost freezes my heart.

Calvin. This is Arminius, I believe, the heretic who teaches that salvation is offered to all.

Luther. And who denies election and reprobation.

Hopkins. And makes man greater than God.

Arminius. I believe in a free salvation, reverend sirs.

Wesley. If it is not, how can the sinner be blamed for not being saved?

Clarke. And if God has reprobated some, how can he be good to all?

Compassion. Reprobation! reprobation to endless death! The idea distracts me!

Free-Will. And in what sense are we free, if some are thus reprobated?

Free-Grace. Reprobation! Is not grace free for all? If you will assist me I will sing one of our sweet hymns to these advocates of stern decrees and partial favor.

Free-Will, Free Grace, and Compassion.

#### FREE GRACE.

The grace that all are praising,

Is just the grace for me,

Its favors wide are spreading,

As light o'er land and sea,

It is the grace, the heavenly grace,

That shines in Jesus' smiling face,

Grace, endless, boundless, free,

Oh, that's the grace for me.

The grace of God, the Father,

Is just the grace for me,

The soul needs nothing richer,

It saves the bond and free,

Its song of sweetest joy and love

Shall be our song in world's above,

Grace, endless, boundless, free,

Oh, that's the grace for me.

Hopkins. I'm sick of this religion of mere feeling—a religion without logic and sense. Its advocates have sung it into favor.

Calvin. Yes, even our sisters joined in the chorus—

*Oh, that's the grace for me.*

Luther. I saw it, and in spite of our logic all the church may yet sing this fanatical song.

Calvin. (Addressing A., W., and C.) Gentlemen, allow me to ask a few questions. Did God know when he made man, what would be his end? Is it any worse to make a man, knowing that he will be endlessly miserable, than to ordain him to be thus miserable? Is God as good to Heathens who never hear of Christ, as he is to Christians, if the heathen cannot be saved?

Arminius. Man is a free agent.

Calvin. Did God know when he gave man his agency, that it would prove his endless ruin? If so, why did he give it, if he was good?

Hopkins. Are the Heathen free agents? How can they believe on him of whom they have not heard?

Clarke. God did not know what use man would make of his agency.

Luther! He did not! Why then did God give it to him, if he was infinitely good?

Calvin. Mr. Clarke, I have heard much of your great learning—will you be kind enough to inform me how infinite wisdom can grow in wisdom? I was not aware that anything could be added to infinity.

Hopkins. Does not the Bible say, known unto God are all things from the beginning of the world?

Arminius and Wesley. Why Br. Clarke, you reason very strangely. You deny the wisdom of God.

Clarke. And you must deny it, or you make God as bad as Calvin does; for it is just as bad to make a man knowing that he will be endlessly miserable, as to ordain him to be thus miserable.

Arminius. Its false.

Wesley. Yes, scandalously false.

Luther. It is not false.

Wesley. It is—you know it is.

#### UNIVERSALISM.

*Enter Murray, Winchester, Barnes, Love, Justice and Hope.*

Murray. What! what! gentlemen. You seem excited—angry—very angry!

Winchester. Men should never get angry in talking upon religion.

Barnes. Now abide faith, hope charity—these three, but the greatest of these is charity. Do not disgrace charity in discussing your faiths.

Murray. You are both right, gentlemen. Calvin, Luther,



and Hopkins believe that all will be saved for whom Christ died; and Arminius, Wesley, and Clark believe that he died for all. Thus you are both right.

Love. Yes, but not right in saying God created some for ruin, or that he created some and exposed them to endless ruin.

Justice. There is no difference in that respect between Calvin and Arminius; both make God the author of end less pain.

Hope. And both destroy hope; for there is no sure ground of hope but the infinite and impartial love of God.

Murray. Calvinism makes God arbitrary and cruel.

Wesley. That is true, Mr. Murray.

Winchester. Arminianism denies both the wisdom and goodness of God.

Calvin. That's true, for God would not have given man the power to make himself endlessly miserable, unless he designed that misery.

Barnes. Human agency is limited, and thus God can do his will in the salvation of all, even though man is a moral agent.

Justice. Yes—and God is just as well as good.

Love. His justice is but the agent of his love. He punishes, not to destroy, but to save.

Hope. We can, therefore, hope for all men.

Prudence, Mercy and Grace. Here our difficulties are all solved—there is salvation by grace, and yet God is not a cruel sovereign.

Free-Will, Free-Grace and Compassion. Yes, and all are rewarded and punished according to their deeds, and thus though the will is free and grace is free, God can have compassion on all.

Calvin. There is logic here, Luther.

Hopkins. Yes—and disinterested love.

Wesley. Yes—and grace, full and free.

Arminius. Yes—and justice too.

Clarke. If this theory be true, I need not deny the infinite knowledge of God.

Murray. Truth is harmonious.

Calvin, Luther and Hopkins. That idea agrees with our logic.

Winchester. Truth is glorious, too.

Love. Most certainly, for it comes from a God of love.

Hope. Is there anything glorious in endless woe?

Arminius. Wesley, you and Clarke believe in the salvation of brutes; I should therefore, suppose that you could believe with Murray. Man must be of more value in the eye of God than a horse.

#### *Faith and Joy.*

Faith. I am delighted, friends, with your views. Faith in such views works by love and purifies the heart.

Joy. And I am full of joy. Listen while Faith and I sing, and if conscience will permit unite in our chorus.

#### THE FATHER OF LOVE.

Mid regions of glory and heavenly delight,  
How rich are the splendors of grace and of light,  
Which beam from the face of the Father of love,

And swell the glad hearts in the bright worlds above.  
Love! love! free, free Love!

There's no one like Him—the Father of Love.  
He watches his people with kindness and care,  
And leads them by streamlets, through fields fresh and  
When sin overtakes them and rends them with woe, [fair,  
Thus fountains of grace with salvation o'erflow.  
Love, &c.

When night in its gloom brooded wide o'er the world,  
And grief o'er each home had its banners unfurled,  
He sent from the skies the blessed Son of his love,  
To raise the lost world to his glad home above.  
Love, &c.

Then sin shall be finished, its kingdom shall fall,  
The millions of earth shall be freed from its thrall,  
And death, the dread tyrant, no longer bear sway,  
And all be immortal in eternal day.  
Love, &c.

Original.

#### SCENES FROM THE PAST.

In a recent number of this paper, there was a piece by the

Editor of the "Youth's Department," entitled "the old Poplar tree," which awakened in my breast a mingling of sad and joyous memories; and if the juvenile readers will have patience with me, I will also speak of a favorite poplar tree, the pleasantest resort of my youthful hours, when

"I was but a little child,

And deemed that all of life was mild."

Many a year ago, not far from my present abode, stood the mansion of my ancestors, now alas! passed into stranger-hands and marked by many sad changes and decay. Within those walls, the abode of my grand-parents, how many delight, ful hours have been spent, with a favorite elder brother, under the shade of a venerable Poplar, which stood in the front door-yard. How many merry games have been played there, with what joyful bursts of laughter have issued from them. Friends, too, we made of every animate thing in the precincts of the old farm-house. The birds warbled their sweetest songs from the neighboring branches, and the old house dog seemed to participate in the hilarity of youth's unshadowed moving. Oh, such frolicking in the meadows, such feats of jumping and swinging as some performed in the vicinity of the old Poplar tree. How our young hearts drank in the gladdening influence of nature, from the first, pale, blue violet of spring, to the gentle falling of the fleecy snow, when a sled, the universal appendage of boys in the country, was put in requisition. And such sliding down hill as was practised in the days of yore: it really almost gives an impetus to my pen to think of it. And such joyous times as we had at the time honored festival of Thanksgiving, when all the descendants of the house had a happy meeting; when the capacious fire-places were glowing with the generous supply of fuel therein deposited. After the supper when every variety had been partaken of, not excepting the pumpkin pie, without which, a Thanksgiving could not be kept legally; then we children, had a room to ourselves, in which to enjoy ourselves especially, and the old games of "blind man's buff," "Hide and seek," and others equally boisterous, were indulged in to our hearts content. I will now pass from those times to a few years later, when the love of play was given up for the love of reading, when we, my brother and myself, under the old poplar tree were taken up with the beings of romance and fiction. There, we first read of William Wallace, and if it had not been too late, we would have girded on our armor and done battle in his cause and there, sweet, intrepid Helen Mar, first bewildered us with her glorious presence. It was there, too, that we read "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and dreamed of perfection no to be found on earth, and the "Children of the Abbey," and I know not how many more old romances. Nor was poetry unheeded. The "Lady of the Lake" arose before us in her matchless beauty and her filial love. I see her now as I saw her then, with the fire of lofty, yet instinctive principle burning in her eye, determined not to "wed the man she could not love." But where am I in the enchanted domain of the past, which memory is again weaving for me, and when fancy has supplied the place of the old poplar-tree, which the hand of innovation has long since levelled to the ground. And my brother, where is he? Long weary, wailing years have passed since I beheld him, who was the sharer of my innocent pastimes. He is a dweller on the vast ocean, and still is as dear as when we wove our fairest dreams; still is highly remembered. The same Father in Heaven watches over him, as over me, and we are each bound on a life-voyage, tending to a home of rest and re-union. Farewell scenes of the past. There is a pleasing sadness connected with your renewal in my heart, which I would never forego. Still are lingering with me the same feelings of poetry and romance, which shed a charm over life's young years, tempered however and subdued by the presence of earth's realities and trials. May it never wholly leave me. Ever may the violet and the brook, the snow and the frost, the bird and the insect speak to me a loving lesson.

And now, dear young readers, adieu, and that I may be in season, even before Santa Claus performs his annual round, I will wish you all a happy New Year; and that you may be blest with warm friends and pure consciences, is the wish of

LOUISA.

Millington, Dec. 11th, 1848.

Every word of God is pure; he is a shield unto them that put their trust in him



## CONFERENCE AND ORDINATION AT GENEVA.

There will be a Conference of the Ontario Association at Geneva, on the first Wednesday and Thursday, 3d and 4th of January, 1849, at which time it is expected that E. Case, Jr., the pastor of the Geneva Society, will be ordained to the work of the ministry. Brs. Montgomery, J. M. and J. J. Austin, J. R. Johnson, Ackley, and others will be present and take part in the services. Ministerial brethren and laymen from a distance are invited to attend. Provision and accommodations will be made as far as possible for all.

A joyful and happy time is expected. Come one come all, for we wish to let the partialists of Geneva know that Universalism flourishes elsewhere than here; and is mighty to the tearing down of strongholds.

On this occasion a donation will be made to the pastor of the Society. Those who may have a desire to remember him in things that minister to the comfort of the body, will please call at Br. M. Hemmip's on Geneva street, where it is expected a social gathering will take place. Let all remember the proverb, "It is better to give than to receive," that each may be blessed in his deed.

E. C. JR.

## DEDICATION IN CHESHIRE, MASS.

The New Universalist Church in Cheshire, will be dedicated to the worship of God as the Universal Father, on Wednesday, January 3d, 1849, at 10 1-2 o'clock in the forenoon, with services in the house during afternoon and evening. Ministering brethren and others are affectionately invited to attend.

## ORDINATION IN SOUTH ADAMS, MASS.

Bro. O. Perkins of Bernardston, will be duly set apart to the work of the ministry, by appropriate services in the Universalist Church at South Adams, five miles north of Cheshire, on Thursday, Jan. 4th, 1849. Ministers and friends from abroad are respectfully invited to attend.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

LECTURE ON EUROPE—In the Bleecker-street Church, next Sunday evening. Subject—*Scotland*.

Br. S. J. Hillyer will preach in Dover, N. Y., the 1st Sunday in January, and evening, as follows: South-East, January 1st. Poughquaque 2d. Washington Hollow, 3d. Mabbetsville 4th, North East 5th.—Amenia, 6th; and Paulingsville, 7th.

Rev. S. C. Bulkeley will preach at Blaüvelville, the 5th Sunday in this month, and at Piermont in the evening.

Br. Lyon is giving a course of Lectures in illustration and defence of Universalism, in the church, corner of South Third and Fourth-st. Williamsburgh. Subject next Sabbath evening. The Atonement.

Rev. S. C. Bulkeley, will preach in Camptown, N. J. the 1st Sunday in January, at 10 1-2 o'clock. At Jefferson village at 2 1-2 P. M. and in Middleville, at 6 o'clock in the evening of the same day.

Br. Rayner will preach at Huntington the 1st Sunday in January.

## BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. Corliss—the storm prevented our return in season to send our books. You will find them at the Express Office.

Br. Taylor the \$4 that you sent, was received and duly credited to yourself and Mr. John H. Biddle, and receipts were forwarded in the next paper after it was received.

## DEATHS.

In this City on the 23d inst. Mary Emily, daughter of Mr. Archibald C. Lingstreet, aged 4 years and 10 months.

In this city, on the 4th instant, of consumption, Mrs. Della A. Seaman, aged 39 years.

She has been called to endure severe afflictions for a few years past, but she has been sustained by the grace of God and faith of Jesus Christ through them all. Her last sickness, which was severe and lingering she bore with Christian fortitude, being willing to depart and

be with her Savior, and her last moments were cheered by the bright hope of a better and happier life beyond the grave.

In Williamsburgh, on Thursday afternoon, Edwin Mortimer Demarast, one of the twin-children of Gerhardus L. and Eliza C. Demarast; aged 22 months and 20 days.

At Newark, N. J. Dec. 6th, of a disease of the heart, Sarah Ann Lewis.

The death of Miss Lewis has added another evidence of the power of the Gospel to sustain the sinking dying soul. About the middle of last summer, I was called to visit her and was informed that her physician had given her up. Her mind at this time was far from being clear on the subject of futurity. She knew nothing of the unlimited grace and goodness of God. Her views partook more of the prejudices of early education which limited God's salvation to a few. But by repeated conversations, by reading and unfolding to her the Bible doctrine of salvation through Christ, she became exceedingly happy, her hope well founded, and her joy unspeakable and full of glory. She loved to talk of the goodness of God and the attractions of Heaven, and felt anxious for her time to come when she might be with her Heavenly Father. She suffered long and severely, but bore all patiently and resignedly. The nearer she approached her end, the more fully were her thoughts fixed on God and his salvation through Christ. Christ was her only hope, but that hope was for the whole world, whom she expected to meet in Heaven. She joined most freely and joyfully in every prayer that was offered at her bedside, taking much pleasure in the service, it strengthened her soul. A few hours before breathing her last, "I thought," said she, "that I knew what Universalism was, but not until lately have I known anything of it." She knew it then by its power and influence. In this happy frame of mind she died.

J. G.

In Brunswick, N. Y., on the 7th of December, Dexter Clum, son of Jacob Clum, aged 4 years 1 month and 25 days.

On the 17th of December Ozro Clum, aged 1 year 11 months and 13 days.

Thus in a little more than one short week these deeply afflicted parents are called upon to mourn the loss of two of their little ones—struck from the list of the living, ere they had entered upon the cares and perplexities and griefs and sorrows incident to this mortal life their sinless spirits have gone to their Father's rest. And thus segment after segment will be removed until the family circle is completed in Heaven.

The consolations of the Gospel were offered by the writer.

Our life is but a feverish dream,—

A bubble on the inconstant stream—

A mist before the sun;

We gaze awhile on earth's bright scenes—

Awhile no dark cloud intervenes,—

But soon our race is run.

C. T. C.

## NEW-YORK MARKET—WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

## PROVISIONS.

Flour, per bbl.,	\$5 25a5 75	Beef, mess, per. bbl.	9 75a11 00
Wheat, Genesee, bush.,	1 25	" Prime, "	\$5 75a7 00
" Western, "	1 06a1 15	Lard, per lb.,	7a 7 1-2
Indian Meal, per bbl.,	2 88a3 00	Cheese, "	6 1-2a7 1-4
Corn, round, per bush.,	64a68	Butter, Orange Co. dairy,	19a21
" mixed, "	56a60	" Western "	16a18
" New Orleans, "	57a60	" Ohio Common, "	10a12
Rye, "	62	Salt, Turks' Island, bush.,	21
Oats, "	34a36	" L'pool grad, sack, 1 02a1 05	
Pork, Mess, per bbl.,	13 25a\$14	" " fine, "	1 25a1 35
" Prime, "	10 50a\$11	Wool, pulled and fleece,	23a 36

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Hay, pressed, per 100 lbs.	43a50	Timothy Seed, tierce,	15a17
Hops, per lb.,	9a10	Clover, " per lb.,	6a7
Feathers, live American,	30a35	Flax, rough, in bulk, per	
Flax, per lb.,	9	bushel,	1 20a1 25

## New-York Cattle Market...Monday, Dec. 26.

At market 1200 Beef Cattle, 70 Cows and Calves, and 5,000 Sheep and Lambs.

BEEF CATTLE—The market has undergone a considerable change since our last report, and prices have gone up as high as \$9. We quote the market average from that figure down to \$6. No sales of any consequence at a lower mark. About 300 head unsold. 40 head shipped.

COWS AND CALVES—Sales at from \$24 to \$32 50a47 50. All sold.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—The offerings are very heavy. Prices of sheep 1 37 1-2 to 2 75 a 4 50. Left over 800.